

Hollywood

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Summary: When the new WWE Diva comes up from NXT she catches the eye of everyone's favorite Lunatic Fringe and gets on the bad side of a certain Celtic Warrior. Follow Holly's start in WWE and what could be the start of a new romance. My first multi chapter story so be kind. :) **RATED M FOR LATER CHAPTERS** and language.

Hollywood

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I do not own anyknown characters, only Holly aka Hollywood. I also do not own any lyrics that may be mentioned in this story and I will try to list them in my author notes. This is probably gonna be my first multi chapter store. So be patient with me. :) Enjoy!

The night was cold, bringing goosebumps dancing across her skin. Her red locks of hair blowing around her face in the chilly spring air. She could hear the continuing noises from inside the arena, matches still going on, people still screaming for their favorite superstars. The city lights were so bright that she couldn't see the stars as she gazed up at the heavens, taking another long drag from her cigarette. She held in the smoke before breathing out a puff, nicotine flooding her system. She shivered as she took another drag, her outfit doing nothing to fight the cold air. Her hands rubbed up and down her arms, bringing some welcome warmth.

The door behind her opened and she sighed, looked like her peace was gone. She finally glanced up when she heard a deep chuckle, smirking when she saw her new companion. "Hey." he greeted softly as he pulled out a cigarette box and lit up a smoke for himself. "Hello Dean." she greeted. His soft blue eyes took her in, causing a shiver to shoot down her spine. "Cold Hollywood?" he questioned. "What do you think?" she snarked in response as a small hand waved at her body. Her toned legs had black fishnets enveloping them under her short black leather

shorts. Her lime green t-shirt ripped right above her belly button with her logo splashed across her bust. He shook his head before sticking his cigarette between his teeth, shrugging out of his black hooded sweatshirt, dirty deeds in huge letters across the front. He reached over and placed in across her shaking shoulders. Her dark brown eyes wearily studied him for a moment before she burrowed deep into the hoodie, it was warm from his body heat. She took another drag, forcing the cherry further down towards her fingertips. She closed her eyes as she inhaled, his masculine scent making itself known over the smell of stale smoke. It was a musky, earthy smell, followed by a soft undertone that had to be hard earned sweat. "Thanks." she whispered as she threw her smoke to the ground and stepped on it with her matching hit pink converses. He nodded and sent her a soft smile, so unlike his persona on stage.

She had only been in the WWE for a few weeks now, being pulled up from NXT right after wrestlemania. So she was still getting to know many of her coworkers. But Dean and his best friend Roman had been super friendly the whole time, guiding her through a lot of things. Gently with loads of advice. They stood in silence as he finished his smoke and opened the door for her. "By the way good job tonight." He whispered in her ear as he stepped inside behind her. Forcing her breathing to be even as he stepped into her bubble she grinned up at him. "Thanks. It was fun fighting Sasha. She's easy to work with." he nodded and stepped around her. "Keep up the good work Hollywood." he winked as he strode off down the hallway towards the locker rooms.

As he turned the corner she realised he hadn't taken his sweatshirt from her and she smiled, burrowing a little deeper into it's warmth she followed him down the now empty hall way towards where her own locker room was. She needed to change and grab her stuff so she could find out who she was riding with to the hotel, Steph had mentioned doing a ride along with someone tonight and she was excited to find out who she would be with.

She almost to her room when Sasha Banks stepped out of one of the doors. "Oh Hey new girl! Great job out there tonight!" Holly smiled at the other woman. "Thank you Sasha. I had fun!" Sasha beamed and pulled her luggage fully out into the hall way. "Find out who you're riding with yet?" Holly shook her head nervously. "Nah. I hope it's someone good though." Sasha nodded in agreement before she started walking away. "I'm sure it'll be fine chick. Anyway welcome aboard again. I gotta go catch Becky. See ya!" Holly waved goodbye before continuing towards her locker room. She unlocked the door and stepped in, surprised to see someone there already waiting for her. Her boss in fact.

"Hey Steph." she greeted nervously as she gently shut the door behind herself. "Hello Holly. I just wanted to personally come tell you how good of a job you did tonight!" She grinned as she placed two reassuring hands on the smaller girl in front of her. Still surprised that the crazy girl on stage was really so shy behind the scenes. "Thank you so much!" she beamed up at the older woman. "Am I still doing a ride along?" Steph nodded "Yes. You're gonna ride along with the guys tonight. Roman and Dean." Holly's eyes widened and she nodded. "Oh ok. Great!" "Is that ok?" the red head nodded and smiled reassuringly at her boss. "Yes mam! They have been nothing but nice to me." Steph nodded and smiled at the other woman as she opened the door. "Keep up with the good work Holly." the door shut behind her

leaving a very excited red head behind.

Digging through her duffle bag she found her well worn jeans and a cute t-shirt. Quickly pulling off the layers of her costume before shoving them in her bag. She quickly checked her reflection and sighed at the bruise forming on her cheek already. No one said that everything was fake in the business. Shaking her head she sighed as she shrugged on Deans hoodie once more, pulling the hood half way over her hair. Her phone buzzed in her back pants pocket and she pulled it out to find a text from an unknown number.

Meet us in the parkinglot, were in the Yukon.

A grin broke her face as she began to text back, before she could finish her phone buzzed again.

Make sure you wear that hoodie. Its cold as fuck out here. Plus it looks better on you than me.

Grinning excitedly she shook her head. Quickly making her way down the hall as she gazed down at her phone texting Dean back.

Whatever you say Dean. See yall in a few. Omw.

Before she could hit send she hit something else, or someone hard. Knocking her and her phone to the ground. With a groan she glanced up and stared up into angry the face of Sheamus. His large brown eyes glared down at her as he rubbed a hand across his chest where she had ran into him. "I am so sorry!" She exclaimed as she quickly pushed herself up off of the floor. "Watch where you're going!" he growled angrily as he watched her gather her things back up. "I don't know how you made it up here if you are so fucking clumsy." he shoved past her, once again knocking her phone out of her trembling fingers as she stumbled. "Next time keep your eyes ahead of you instead of on your phone you stupid bitch." he stalked back down the hall leaving her standing in shock in the middle of the hallway. Reaching down she picked up her phone, groaning as she saw the back had popped off and her battery had landed a few feet away. Still shaken she made her way quickly to the parkinglot, praying her phone would turn back on. She sighed happily as the screen lit up and her phone buzzed to life.

You ok Hollywood?

We're still waiting, come on.

Are you still coming with us?

Rushing she started running towards the parkinglot, not slowing down until she saw the two figures, the smaller man pacing. They both glanced up at her hurried footsteps and made their ways towards her. Still trembling as she stopped in front of them. Dean's hands went abruptly to her shoulders as he gazed concerned into her face.

"Holly are you ok?" he asked, catching Romans attention. "I text you like four times!" She shook her head as she took in a few shuddering steps. "I ran into someone... I am so sorry I kept yall waiting." she apologised as she tried to settle her racing heart. "You ok?" Roman's deep voice washed over her as his deep blue eyes looked her

over for injury, his eyes hardening as they eyes the bruise blossoming across her cheek. "Who did you run into Holly?" he asked quickly. "Sheamus." she whispered as Dean lead her towards their vehicle, turning when they heard voices approaching.

Sheamus and Diego turned the corner, his gaze glaring towards them as they walked towards the row of waiting cars. Stopping a few feet away, sneering at the three of them. "Watch it guys, she is a total clutz." Sheamus greeted "She will fall all over you." his Irish accent was condescending. "Sheamus." Dean all but growled at the Irishman. "I would suggest you leave her name out of your mouth." Sheamus laughed as the two men made their way to an SUV. "Trust me guys. Shell be worse for you two than Seth." him and his goon cracked up as they slammed their doors and drove off. Roman stopped her before she could open the trunk of the SUV they were taking, a gentle hand falling to her wrist.

"We're gonna be on camera on the way to the hotel. I just want to make sure you're ok before we started rolling." Roman explained. Nodding she gently shook herself, falling into her stage persona. "Yep I am fine." she muttered. Both men stared at her for a moment before Roman stepped forward to throw an arm around her shoulders. "What happened?" he asked gently. "I ran into him while I was trying to text Dean back, he told me to watch where I was going... that he didn't know how I had made it to WWE if I was such a clutz and then he called me a stupid bitch as he shoved his way around me." Dean shook his head angrily as his and Romans eyes met behind her. "Well come on then. You don't need to worry about him while you're with us ok?" She nodded and smiled as Dean took her bag, shoving it in the back along with their luggage. "Ok well come on I am starving." Roman chuckled at his best friend as he opened the back door so she could climb in behind the drivers seat, Dean climbing in behind the wheel while Roman took shotgun.

The ride went smoothly, even though the guys watched her worriedly. The cameras rolled the whole time as they joked the trip away, getting to know Hollywood. They ran through a drive through and were at the hotel in no time. A crew member took the vehicle away after they unloaded their luggage and Dean took Holly's bag from her, slinging it over his shoulder as they made their way into the hotel.

"Hello Mr Reigns, Mr Ambrose." the front desk attendant greeted handing them each room cards. "I should have one as well. Holly Fredrick." the receptionist nodded handing the card over. "All of you are on the 6th floor. Rooms 603, 605 and 608. The elevators are right there, hang a left."

They followed the directions and made their way upstairs, bidding Roman a goodnight as they reached his room first, his huge arms pulling Holly into a gentle hug. "If ya need me feel free to knock." he offered with a grin. "Thank you Roman." she whispered as she hugged him back. They passed Deans room as he carried her bag to her room for her, stopping in front of roomn608. "Here I am." she murmured as they stopped at her door, him gently laying the bag down by her feet. "I know Sheamus is an asshole sweetheart, but we got your back ok?" she nodded and smiled at him as she opened her door. "Thank you Dean." he nodded and quickly pulled her into a hug, her head tucked into his neck. "I am right next door. If you need me just bang on the wall, I'm a light sleeper." she nodded against him before

pulling away. "Thanks Dean." she grinned at him before walking into her room. "Goodnight." "Goodnight baby girl." he waved softly as he made his way back to his room.

The door gently shut behind her and she made her way towards the queen size bed, laying her bag in the floor beside it. With a tired sigh she toed off her shoes and undressed down to her panties and pulled out an old t-shirt she always slept in. Quickly going through her nightly routine of brushing her hair and teeth. After a moments hesitation she grabbed his sweatshirt and shrugged it on before climbing into bed, curling up around herself and burrowing her face into the soft material, his scent scrambling her thoughts as she drifted off to sleep.

End
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